

The Ranger

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Summary

Let's do some RPG, it will be nice. Who knew Hannibal knew how to build a scenario... But maybe he is just talking from first-hand knowledge.

“You should play the ranger” they had said, “It will be fun, and you are basically a ranger yourself so it won’t be hard to play”. Right, but he wanted to do the paladin on this one, something that he was not doing every day, save some ‘demoiselle en détresse’, kill a dragon, fight for the light... You know, common things in Dungeon and Dragon. He was not willing to play the dark, gloomy and lonely ranger. It was depressing, the only difference was that he had not a pack of dogs in the game but a nice pack of wolf...

Hannibal was a great dungeon master, but he was trying a bit too hard to fit his therapist background into the game, psychoanalyzing his players with their characters’ actions. It was probably the reason behind most of this scenario: they were following the trail of a child eater ogre in the middle of nowhere, surrendered by trees and maybe, had said Hannibal, one or two dark things lurking in the night. It was great, and not at all reminiscent of their current case with the Minnesota shrike. Yeah, to the small half-eaten elf girl on the huge deer-looking forest protector head...

Will was really expecting the quest to be fun and a bit lightheaded, to relief the stress of their day jobs but it was completely the opposite. He had never seen Beverly so pissed before. With her druid power, she had found a trail to the ogre nest, alone, because you always do group of one in a RPG such a nice idea. Hannibal took her to the next-door room, with dices and sheet. They stayed fifteen minutes apart before coming back, with the said look on her face. She had sat her arms crossed with a loud sigh.

It took them twenty more minutes before finding her trail and find the small cabin in the wood. Will’s pack had started to move, anxious. They had finally made it into the cabin to find Beverly body, sliced in small slides. “You have sick idea, just because of a critic fail...” she said to Hannibal while he was describing the scene. A failed roll of perception leaded Will to feel a drop of blood on his forehead, looking up he managed to see the huge strain of blood flooding the ceiling.

They had gone silently to the first floor to find the ogre securing another young elf girl into large deer-wood. It was the description of the scene that made it click and to Will to say “You are the Killer!” to Hannibal looking at him stray into the eyes. “Well, look like you found me ranger, but don’t believe I will let you take me so easily”. Hannibal may still be in character but he damn knew Will was not any more. He had managed to bring him right here where he wanted him.

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